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HYMNS

FOR

New-Year's-Day.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

HYMNS

FOR

NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

HYMN I.

1 WISDOM aſcribe, and might and praiſe
To God, who lengthens out our days,
Who ſpares us yet another year,
And lets us ſeé his goodneſs here;
Happy, and wiſe, the time redeem,
And live, my friends, and die to him.

2 How often when his arm was bar'd,
Hath he our sinful *Israel* spar'd!
Let them alone his mercy cry'd,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside,
Indulg'd another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Laid to the root with conscious awe,
But now the threatning axe we saw,
We saw when Jesus stept between,
To part the punishment and sin,
He pleaded for the blood-bought race,
And God vouchsaf'd a longer space!

4 Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd
We trembled, while the remnant pray'd:
The Father heard his Spirit groan,
And answer'd mild, It is my son!
He let the prayer of faith prevail,
And mercy turn'd the hovering scale.

5 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay Thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone,
Our lives shall make thy goodness known,
Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

6 I, and my house, will serve the Lord,
Led by the Spirit and the word;
We plight our faith, assembled here,
To serve our God the ensuing year;
And vow, when time shall be no more,
Thro' all eternity t' adore.

HYMN II.

1 YE worms of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day,
Redeem the time, be bold, be wise,
And cast your bonds away;
Shake off the chains of sin,
Like us assembled here,
With hymns of praise to usher in
The acceptable year.

The year of gospel-grace
Like us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffer'd liberty.
Pardon and peace are nigh,
Which every soul may prove;
The Lord, who now is passing by,
Makes this the time of love.

2 Saviour and Lord of all,
Thy proffer we receive,
Obedient to thy gospel-call
That bids us turn, and live;
Our former years mis-pent,
Though late, we deeply mourn,
And soften'd by thy grace repent,
And to thy arms return.

With fear, and grief, and shame,
Our folly we bemoan,
But wonder at the patient Lamb,
Who lets us still alone:

Thy patience lifts us up,
Thy free unbounded grace,
And all our fear is loſt in hope,
And all our grief in praiſe.

3 To Thee, by whom we live,
Our praiſe and lives we pay,
Praiſe, ardent, cordial, conſtant give,
And ſhout to ſee the day:
The day of ſaving grace,
Thy conſecrated year,
When the bright Son of Righteouſneſs,
Doth to our world appear.

Riſen, we know, Thou art,
With healing in thy wings,
We feel, we feel it in our heart
The life thy preſence brings:
The ſeal and earneſt this,
Our pardon we receive,
And look with thee in glorious bliſs
Eternally to live.

H Y M N III.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

Jeſus

2 Jeſus, our great High-prieſt,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary ſpirits reſt,
Ye mournful ſouls be glad,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin, and hell
Your liberty receive,
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

5 Ye who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, come.

6 The goſpel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And ſav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home.

HYMN IV.

1 ALL praiſe to the Lord
Whoſe trumpet we hear,
Which ſpeaks in his word
The feſtival year:
The loud proclamation
Of freedom from thrall,
And goſpel ſalvation
Is publiſh'd to all.

2 The year of releaſe
Ev'n now is begun,
And pardon, and peace
With Jeſus ſent down;
Eternal redemption
Thro' him we obtain,
And preſent exemption
From paſſionate pain.

3 Ye ſpirits enſlav'd
Your liberty claim,
Believe, and be ſav'd
Thro' Jeſus's name;
That infinite lover
Of ſinners embrace,
And gladly recover
His forfeited grace.

4 With joyfulleſt news
Your priſons reſound,
Your fetters are looſe,
Your ſouls are unbound;

Reſume

Reſume the poſſeſſion
For which ye were born,
From *Satan*'s oppreſſion
To heaven return.

HYMN V.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill, till the Maſter appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a ſtream,
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The milennial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here;

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming might ſay,
"I have fought my way thro',
"I have finiſh'd the work thou didſt give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne!"

HYMN VI.

1 THE Lord of Earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Antient of endleſs days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare
Another, and another year.

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, let it ſtill alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace,
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound,
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN VII

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe!
All praiſe to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs:
Whoſe providence has brought us thro'
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill-continu'd care,
To Thee preſenting thro' thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſee thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine ſhall be,
And all our conſecrated powers
A ſacrifice to Thee:
'Till Jeſus in the clouds appear
To ſaints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand ſabbatic year
The jubilee of heaven.

FINIS.

HYMN VII

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